



FIFES AND DRUMS

The VIGILANTES Books

FIFES AND DRUMS. A Collection of Poems of America at War. 12mo. 142 pp. \$1.00.

THE VIGILANTES

A NON-PARTISAN ORGANIZATION OF AUTHORS,
ARTISTS AND OTHERS

PURPOSES

To arouse the country to a realization of the importance of the problems confronting the American people.

To awaken and cultivate in the youth of the country a sense of public service and an intelligent interest in citizenship and national problems.

To work vigorously for preparedness; mental, moral and physical.

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THE VIGILANTES

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The VIGILANTES Books

FIFES AND DRUMS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS
OF AMERICA AT WAR



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FOREWORD

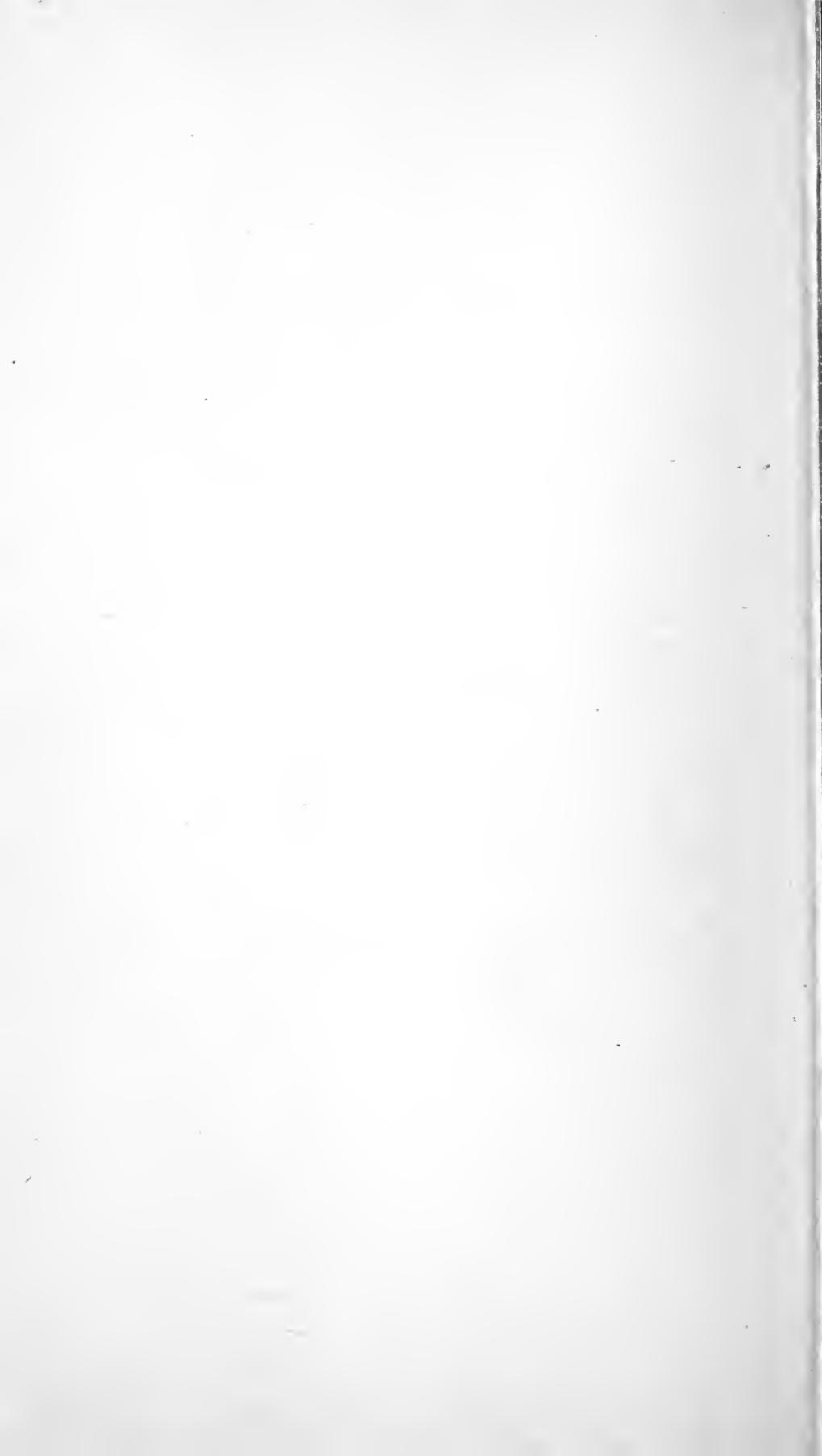
These poems, written under the immediate
of great events by those who have banded
as together under the name of The Vig-
lantes, furnish a striking record of the emotional
reactions of the American people during the fort-
night preceding and the six weeks following the
declaration of war. They are presented to the
public in the belief that men and women in every
corner of the Union will find reflected in them
some of the love and aspiration they themselves
are experiencing for their re-discovered country.

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*Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again.
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.*

*Long was the winter, long our lips were dumb.
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.
Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again.*

*The Spring!—with bugles and a rumbling drum!
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,
Now is the hour with singing to make vain
The boast of kings in Pandemonium!*

Surely the time for making songs has come!

H. H.



FIFES AND DRUMS

AMERICA UNAFRAID

I

AMERICA will wake
To the stern task before her. She will break
The bonds of Sloth and dull Indifference,
And, with the soul of Lincoln in her eyes,
Dare to be great and wise;
Dare to be valiant with the valor still
That echoes from the crest of Bunker Hill;
The valor that gave Grant and Lee their fame
After the battle-flame;
The valor that has kept our country whole
While the clean years unroll;

The valor that has giv'n us all body, and heart,
and soul!

II

America will be

As one in her old love of Liberty.

She will remember naught of party and creed

In her great hour of need;

But one in spirit, one in high accord,

Her people will await the final word

That bids them strike for Justice. Her keen
sword

Will never be unsheathed, save in the name of
Christ, our Lord!

III

There is a fear

Running through our broad country, far and
near;

A rumor that foul traitors at our gate

Whisper, and plan, and wait;

A rumor that beneath us crawls the hostile worm
of hate. . . .

It may be so! But I believe that now
Each man can disavow
Old enmities, and, loyal to the end,
Count it his privilege to be his country's friend;
Count it his right to suffer for the land
That hailed him, and stretched forth a welcoming
hand

When he, heart-broken, from an alien shore,
Came as a stranger to our open door.

IV

America, beware!

Lest, knowing the red burden you must bear,
You falter now! We pray for Peace—white Peace;
Yet if soft days must cease,
We shall go forth, fearless, and as one,
Until our task for Liberty is done.

Charles Hanson Towne.

THE ULTIMATE ARGUMENT

BEFORE the high court of King Lion the Strong
The wily Hyena appeared with a throng
Of Jackals as witnesses, charging the Ass
With wronging him foully by eating the grass.

“This rogue,” the Hyena indignantly cried,
“Without any warrant express or implied,
Devours the herbage so luscious and sweet
And cruelly leaves me with nothing to eat.
I pray the Court, therefore, to grant me relief,
Including permission to dine on the thief.”

The Ass pleaded humbly with down-hanging ears,
(Addressing a Jury composed of his peers):
“Dear friends, that I graze in the meadow is true,
But not without warrant. My course I pursue

By right of a Document sealed with a Seal—
King Solomon's firman which none may repeal."

"Ha!" snarled the Hyena; "but where is your
proof?"

"My warrant is writ," said the Ass, "on my hoof."
"Indeed!" sneered the Plaintiff; "then show it, I
beg."

"Look well!" brayed the Ass, as he drew up a leg.
Close peered the Hyena. The Ass gave a snort
And kicked the Conspirator clean out of Court.

L'Envoi

While Patience is praiseworthy, even in Gath,
And Sweetness may possibly turn away Wrath,
The mildest can have but one answer to give
Oppressors who question their title to live.

Arthur Guiterman.

THE SONG

ALONG the misty beaches, where the great wind-
voices cry,

Where the sea's reverberant thunder sends its chal-
lenge to the sky,

And its deeper echoes lure us, from the countries
where they die—

A song is sounding on!

I can hear it, clear and urgent, over all the break-
ers' rage;

It is pleading for the memory of a noble heri-
tage;

'Twas a woman's voice that sang it, in a past
heroic age—

Its call is sounding on.

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;*

*He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored.*

*He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terri-
ble swift sword;*

His truth is marching on.

It is calling with the sea-winds far across the
troubled wave,

Where Belgium in her beauty lies all one trampled
grave,

And still her proud defenders lift the pæan of the
brave—

Her soul is marching on!

It cries along the bloody fields, from Russia back
to France,

Where the great united nations hold the savage
foe's advance;

Where the stars above the trenches meet the soldier's dying glance—
Its call is sounding on.

*I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel;*
*"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal;*
*Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,*
Since God is marching on."

My country—oh, my country! Clear-sighted then
and strong,
A shield for the defenceless and a flame against
the wrong,
True to the ringing echoes of that mighty marching
song
That still is sounding on—

My country—oh, my country! The old brave call
has come;
Too long your steps were lagging, too long your
soul was dumb;
Tune now your wakening pulses to the throbbing
of the drum,
While God is marching on.

*He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;*
*He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat;*
*Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubi-
lant, my feet!*
Our God is marching on.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

PEACE WITH A SWORD

PEACE! How we love her and the good she brings
On broad, benignant wings!

And we have clung to her—how close and long,
While she has made us strong!

Now we must guard her lest her power cease,
And in the harried world be no more peace.

Even with a sword,
Help us, O Lord!

For us no patient peace, the weary goal
Of a war-sickened soul;
No peace that battens on misfortune's pain,
Swollen with selfish gain,
Bending slack knees before a calf of gold,
With nerveless fingers impotent to hold

The freeman's sword—
Not this, O Lord!

Not peace bought for us by the martyred dead
Of countries reeking red;

No peace flung to us from a tyrant's hand,
Sop to a servile land.

Our Peace the State's strong arm holds high and
free,

The "placid Peace she seeks in liberty,"

Yea, "with a sword."

Help us, O Lord!

Bring out the banners that defied a king;

Then tattered colors bring

That made a nation one from sea to sea,

In godly liberty.

Unsheathe the patriot sword in time of need,

America! Forth, forth your armies lead!

"Peace, with a sword!"

Help us, O Lord!"

Abbie Farwell Brown.

THE PACIFIST'S LAMENT

THE world is so full of a number of thugs,
I'm sure we should all be as humble as bugs.

Don Marquis.

AT ANY PRICE

DE PUYS TER JONES at twenty-three
Is not a pleasant sight to see;
Although his duds cost many dollars,
From silken socks to five-ply collars,
Though shaved and bathed and deftly scented—
One feels he should have been prevented.
His lips hang loose, his chest caves in,
His face is minus brow or chin;
And when one hears the creature chatter
Somehow it simply doesn't matter.
Yet young De Puyster Jones has money,
And when his money talks—it's funny
(Or sad) to note that many listen;
His brain is slime, and slime *will* glisten.
In fact, the moron, more's the pity,

Is sometimes spoken of as witty;
And though obscenely idiotic,
His ancient anecdotes erotic
Are often greeted with guffaws;
And his *views* meet with wild applause.

Now what—I ask in thunderous tones—
What are the views of D. P. Jones?

“Patriotism’s just an ism!
A fellah ought to be
Above the lingo
Of the Jingo;
Flags don’t appeal to me.”

“If a chap’s rational, he’s international;
He knows there’s nothing in
The stuff that’s local;
I’m not a yokel
To cheer when the bands begin.”

“And politicians who yap of missions,
Ideals, and all that junk—
Just let ‘em gab, brag,
And hold the grab-bag;
But don’t fall for their bunk!”

“You take this crisis! A glance suffices
To wise you what it means;
Munition makers
And journalist fakers
Stuffing millions in their jeans!”

“We’re safe and happy, so why get scrappy?
Say, what’s the *sense* in war?
For God’s sake chuck it!
The whole show’s muck! It
'S not what I’m living for!”

“Not this little Willy! I’m not that silly—
No drums and guns for mine!

What's the odds if they rat us?

They *can't* get at us.

Georgie's fleet is doing fine!"

Such—I repeat in thunderous tones—

Such are the views of D. P. Jones.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

THE ANSWER

THERE is one answer to all dreams of ease—
Belgium !

One answer to the Teuton's cunning pleas—
Belgium !

One test and touchstone for all hearts that feel;
One word that is a stroke of steel on steel,
A stroke whose clangor sets a long note ringing
That falls upon our ears like distant singing.

One word for you who say the strife must cease—
Belgium !

Justice to her must hold the key of peace—
Belgium !

And you who clamor that our cry should be
Not love of country, but Humanity.

Have you not heard it, as you pass unheeding?

Humanity! In her the world lies bleeding!

Not she alone the dark decree must know—

Belgium!

The first in that great sisterhood of woe,

Belgium!

She speaks, my Country, with your own lost dead;

She brings one answer to your shrinking dread;

Draw now your sword, and set the clear stroke

ringing

That falls upon our hearts like mighty singing!

Belgium!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

IN TIME OF DANGER

BLIND to danger we have been,
Walking on our wonted ways
Through the drifting of the days,
In and out, and out and in,
To our patriot duty stranger,
Wandering as in a maze,
Blind to danger !

Deaf to danger, and our need,
We have drunken to the lees
Of the druggèd wine of ease;
To our honor given no heed,
Paltered, played the money-changer;
Cast aside old memories,
Deaf to danger !

Blind and deaf to danger? Nay!—

Fling the call from shore to shore!

Wake! the slothful hour is o'er!

Wake! be gone with base delay,

To our trust no longer stranger!

Freemen, rouse, and be no more

Blind to danger—

Deaf to danger!

Clinton Scollard.

TO AMERICA

Yes, Mother, it is true;
Bad daughters and worse sons we've been to
you—
Taking all, giving naught—
Till we have brought
You down to this. . . .

You need
A starker breed
To cherish you and guard,
Keep watch and ward,
Or strike if strike they must!
Mother, our shameful heads are in the dust—
Abject—
Before you. . . .

Too mild, too patient!—yet once more forgive
Our faithless greed, young folly, old neglect!
For though we perish from you, you shall live—
Mother!—through humbled daughters who respect,
Through chastened sons who serve you and adore
you.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

ODE TO TONSILITIS

SINCE Senatorial Rules decree once more—

Even while Prussia threatens us with slaying—

That one wild donkey still may hold the floor

And block an entire nation with his braying;

Yea, since the chin is mightier than the sword,

The lung and larynx deadlier than reason

And Robert spurns the Flag beneath the Ford

In one continuous honk of windy treason;

Ah! then come forth, thou dread but welcome one,

Nymph of the swollen throat, fair Tonsilitis!

Go gulping to the Sage of Madison,

Woo him with wreaths of asthma and bronchitis!

Snuggle beside his Senatorial seat,

Lure him with kisses sneezy, damp and reckless

Until the cold which now afflicts his feet
Climbs to the place where Mabel wore the neck-
lace.

Then must that rare trombone grow fogged and
cease,

That wealth of words lie fallow in his wallet;
There'll be no more Atrocities of Peace
Committed then by Robert M. La Follette.

Then will the eagle o'er the rostrum shriek
While patriots clasp hands in satisfaction,
"The gentleman from Wisconsin cannot speak—
Rejoice, ye nations! Now we'll get some ac-
tion!"

Wallace Irwin.

APRIL 2nd.

We have been patient—and they named us weak;
We have been silent—and they judged us meek.
Now, in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone—
With chosen words we make our meaning known,
That like a great wind from the West shall shake
The double throne.

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast,—
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,
And in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak at last.

Theodosia Garrison.

THE FLAG GOES UP

WHETHER we gave him doubts or praises,

That is a thing of yesterday.

We rally to the flag he raises,

We go the inevitable way,

But not with pageantry or shouting—

We're done alike with boast and doubting.

We take the trail that duty blazes

Be the issue what it may.

Brave are the words that he has spoken,

The words that we have made our own.

Our blood and sweat shall be the token

We fight for righteousness alone.

O God, who knowest all the making

Of noble vows—and all their breaking—

Grant that our word be never broken,
Our banner never overthrown.

Give us to keep without misprision
The truth our souls have understood,
Clean above hatred and derision,
Strong through our evil days and good.
To love life's worth, not life's preserving,
More than success to honor serving,
Faithful forever to our vision
Of liberty and brotherhood.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

FALL IN!

WE thought that reason had mastered men,
That peace of the world was lord,
That never the roll of the drum again
Should quicken the thirsty sword—
But our bubble broke with a sudden blow,
And we heard like the trumpet's din
That levelled the walls of Jericho
The old stern cry—“*Fall in!*”

We were numb, amazed, we were sick and dazed
With a horror past belief.
Silent we stood while Belgium blazed
In her martyr's glory of grief.
Then it came so near that we needs must hear,
For the cry of our murdered kin

Drove in our heart like a searching spear

The call of the hour—“*Fall in!*”

Not in the flush of a barren thrill

Do we come to our deed at last.

We have weighed our will, we must do our will,

For the doubting-time is past.

We have faced our souls in the sleepless night,

And what shall we fear but sin?

Not for love of the fight, but for love of the right,

In the name of our God—“*Fall in!*”

Amelia Josephine Burr.

BLACK FLAG!

RUN up your Black Flag,
Skull and crossbones display!
Why should you palter—why should you lag?—
For never was freebooting crew,
From Heligoland to Cathay—
And the Coast of Barbary, too,
So deserved the foul ensign as you!

Yes, run up the Black Flag,
Too long have your colors been hid!
Make good your insolent brag,
Who have staked off the waters at will,
And the honored sea-law have defied,
Going forth to plunder and kill!
You have staked off the waters at will—

What! You yet think to forbid?
Sea-way for other Flags, too—
Way for the Red-White-and-Blue!

But it's down with your Black Flag—

Down, in the end, it must be,

In the depths where you lurk let it drag—

Down to the charnelled abyss . . .

You hearken the World's decree?—

Pirates were hunted ere this,

And you shall be swept from the sea!

Edith M. Thomas.

A SONG OF DEMOCRACY

IT isn't just because some ships were lost,
And children drowned, and women, and strong
men.

That's bad enough, God knows !
But the Prussians were our foes
Long before their cruel wolf-pack left its den.

It isn't just because their hunting pack
Tore at Belgium's throat to reach the throat of
France.

No, by Heaven ! It's because
They are traitors to all laws
Made by God to curb the Devil's arrogance.

They are traitors to humanity, no less !
They acknowledge nothing nobler than their will

To conquer and subject

All peoples who respect

The Holy Vow man struggles to fulfil.

For man has dreamed a dream and sealed a
Vow,

Yea, man has sealed a Vow before the Lord

Of Righteousness and Peace:

He has sworn that war shall cease

And the reign of Reason triumph o'er the Sword!

He has sealed a Holy Vow that privilege

Shall perish from an Earth where all are free;

That his children shall not fight,

As he must, the Huns of Night,

But be brothers in the Light of Liberty.

God save us from all traitors to that Dream;

God shield us from all traitors to that Vow!

God give us strength to smite
All traitors to that Light—
Lord God of Man United, aid us now!

Lee Wilson Dodd.

OUR AIM

We have been patient: we have been ashamed,
Through dismal days and weeks and months and
years . . .
Insulting hands have cuffed our burning
ears. . . .
Our patience crumbled, and our anger flamed.
The spirit of the Union, never tamed,
Jumps to the cannon 'mid a nation's cheers,
And marches to take part among its peers.
We aim as straight as we have always
aimed.
England and Russia, Montenegro, France,
Rumania, Serbia, Belgium, Italy,
Japan,—we come to join in your advance!

Your foe is ours, our friend becomes your friend.

And to you all, and to our sons, say we:

We hate this hateful war, and it shall end!

Louis How.

THE BINDING OF THE BEAST

He plotted in the den of his lordship over men;
He wrought his grim array and he hungered for
the Day.

Then the loosing-word was spoken; then the seal
of Hell was broken;

Then its Princes were assembled for the feast;
But against the Vandal night rose the star of
Freedom's light,

And a world was called together for the binding
of the Beast.

They have seen it for their star; they have come
from near and far;

From the forges of the North go the men and
young men forth,

Having found the holier duty, found the true, the
final beauty,
As their brothers of the South and of the East.
In the forests of the West they have given of
their best,
With strong hands and patient for the binding of
the Beast.

For his treason unto man in the War that he be-
gan,
For the rapine and the flame, for the hissing of
his name,
Have the hosts gone up against him and with
swords of judgment fenced him,
With his coward clutch on woman and on priest.
For the children he has maimed, for the maidens
he has shamed,
The nations gird their harness for the binding of
the Beast.

Now frothing in his rage, a scourge to youth and
age,

Caked with blood he stands at bay, with his feet
upon his prey.

Ringed with surf of guns resounding, raw and
fetid from the hounding,

Smites he still in baffled fury and the roar of hate
releast;

But the huntsmen of the ranks, with their steel
at breast and flanks,

Give no truce nor sign of respite at the binding
of the Beast.

He is cunning, he is strong, and the war shall yet
be long,

Where the seven thunders wake and the walls of
heaven shake.

He is cruel, blind and ruthless; he is boastful, sly
and truthless;

By his will the Powers of Darkness are increast;
But the shackle and the chain shall avenge the
hurt and slain,

Who have broken bread with heroes at the binding
of the Beast.

For his pact with Death and Hell, let us bind the
monster well,

That the world go free indeed from his arrogance
and greed!

By the pact he dared to sever make we treaty with
him never,

Till the murder-venom in his blood has ceast!

By his trust in force and war, end we those for-
evermore,

As the nations sit in council for the binding of
the Beast!

George Sterling.

THE FLAG

Kiss the loud winds, O darling of all hearts,
And shoot o'er land and sea thy beams world-wide!

How many thousands in thy light have died,
Radiant and sweet! now from our banners darts
A greater glory! in our bosoms starts
A deeper joy: so swells the long-pent tide
Of full devotion to thy sacred side,
And from impatient millions doubt departs.

Advance thy colors in the captain-files
That vanward lead the many-languaged host
Like mighty waves that lift an angry sea,—
And break the German! miles on headlong miles

Drive him from churchless land and shipless
coast

Till law again for right be sanctuary!

George E. Woodberry.

TO ALL AMERICANS

(*Tune: Maryland, My Maryland*)

OUR answer to the great appeal,

Americans, Americans,

Shall prove if we are clay or steel,

Americans, Americans.

Strike manfully for liberty,

Stretch helping hands across the sea,

And keep your own hearts clean and free,

Americans, Americans !

Clean of the pettiness of hate,

Americans, Americans,

Free to the love of all things great,

Americans, Americans.

Clean of untruth and fear and greed,

Free faithfully to serve the need
Of God, wherever He may lead,
Americans, Americans !

Amelia Josephine Burr.

WAR SONG OF AMERICA

We are on our way back Home—

Home where the high flag flies;

We are on our way from the rut

With the flag lust in our eyes;

So those of you in the van,

Hark to our warning song—

“Give us the open road

Till we land where we belong.”

Soft we had grown and fat—

Watching the Shadow creep;

Soft with the dull content

Of those who are half asleep;

But the Eagle’s place is the peak,

And now, by her lands and seas,

Flung to the world-wide winds
Old Glory goes to the breeze.

We are on our way back Home—
By the trail we have come before;
By the trail that leads from the depths
Through the swirl of the Winning Score;
So those of you in the way
Hark to the chant we've spun—
“Give us the open road
Till we find our place in the sun.”

Grantland Rice.

PROCESSIONAL

Not for a flaunted flag, O God,
 Not for affronted power,
Not for a scurrile hope of gain,
 Not for the pride of an hour,
Not for vengeance, hot in the heart,
 Now do we swing to war;
Not for a weak mistrust lest peace
 Is a shame strong men abhor.
Not for glory—for oh, to kill
 Should be a sacred wrath;
Not for these! But to war on war
 And sweep it from earth's path!

Patient has been our creed, till now,
 Patient, too, our hope,

Patient for long our lothful deed,
For the just in doubt must grope.
But with a foe at last arrayed
Against the whole world's right,
You, O soul of the universe,
Your very self must fight.
You yourself; so but one prayer
Need we to lift—but one,
That by our battle shall all war
Be utterly undone.

Cale Young Rice.

OMNISCIENT MR. FALL
OR
THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR

MR. FALL, who reads *The Call*,

Knows it all.

He can tell you in a minute

Why we're in it.

Moneyed men who make big guns

Bribed the Huns;

And when Belgium was invaded,

It was they did

Stir up Belgians to resist,

Just to twist

The Lion's tail—till "War!"

He must roar.

Then the millionaires of France

Saw their chance
To make millions making shells !
—Fall excells
In explaining all away
From this fray
Save the money coalitions
Of munitions-
Makers make—ghouls, full fed on
Armageddon !
So, of course, he now declares,
Our affairs
Have been run for us by schemers
Who sent steamers
Out, and U-boats out as well
To raise Hell !
Wall Street knew if we came in
'Twould begin
To grow richer that much faster
From disaster.

It's so simple.—Can't you see

It must be

Just as Mr. Fall asserts!

Yellow dirt's

(Both as cause, and as effect)

Why we're wrecked.

How about it? Do you doubt it?

Can you doubt it—

When Fall, who reads *The Call*,

Knows it all?

Lee Wilson Dodd.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

We who in the old days—the easy days of pleasure—
ing—

Loitered in the distant lands—we know the thrill
that came

When in far, foreign places, above the stranger
faces,

The sight of it, the might of it, would wake us
like a flame.

Our own flag, the one flag, it stirred our blood
to claim.

We who in these new days—these days of all con-
fusion—

Look upon it with the eyes of one long blind
who sees.

We know at last its beauty—its magnitude of duty—

Dear God! if thus it seems to us, what will it mean to these

Who stay for it, who pray for it, our kindred over seas?

These who face the red days—the white nights of fury,

Where death like some mad reaper hacks down the living grain—

They shall see our flag arise like a glory in the skies—

The stars of it, the bars of it, that prove it once again

The new flag, the true flag, *that does not come in vain!*

Theodosia Garrison.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

HONOR to him whose very blood remembers
The old, enchanted dream-song of the Rhine,
Although his house of life is fair with shine
Of fires new-kindled on the buried embers;

Whose heart is wistful for the flowers he tended
Beside his mother, for the carven gnome
And climbing bear and cuckoo-clock of home,
For the whispering forest path two lovers wended;

Who none the less, still strange in speech and man-
ner,
With our young Freedom keeps his plighted
faith,
Sides with his children's hope against the wraith
Of his own childhood, hails the Starry Banner

As emblem of his country now, to-morrow;

A patriot by duty, not by birth.

The costliest loyalty has purest worth.

Honor to him who draws the sword in sorrow!

Katherine Lee Bates.

OUR BARGAIN

Is all our world upon a counter laid?

That is their taunt who say they know us well.

Then, like true merchants, let us to our trade;

What wares has God to sell?

A world at liberty, a path made clear

For steadfast justice and enduring peace,

Nations released forever from the fear

Of evil days like these—

A sound investment! but . . . the price is high.

Long-hoarded wealth in ruin, flame and steel,

Death lurking in the sea and in the sky—

What say you? Shall we deal?

Shall we know terror, shall our strong ones fall
That others' children, fearless in the sun,
May see our visions and accomplish all
That we must leave undone?

We take thy bargain, Master of the Mart.
Though we may flinch, we cannot turn away.
Send thy resistless fire upon our heart
And make us strong to pay.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

BLOW, O YE BUGLES

Blow, O ye bugles, bugles of the morn!

Blow, O ye bugles of the sunset, blow!

Sound your clear notes, your ringing notes of
scorn,

Against the embattled legions of the foe!

Tell them in clarion accents that we stand

For freedom, and the birthright of the free;

No bloody tyranny upon sea or land,

But the inalienable truths of Liberty!

Acclaim your triumph pæan over Might,

Your call for justice, and the overthrow

Of all the hordes that fight against the Right!—

Blow, O ye bugles, valiant bugles, blow!

Clinton Scollard,

AMERICA IN ARMS

WE have not willed this war,
Nor heaped for man this monstrous pyre,
But we have sought on hell's wide shore
To quench the awful fire.

This war was willed to be
By one who sprang on a world asleep,
And now his talons out of the sea
Have drawn us in to the deep:

In to the deep and the dark
Where his blood is drunk with the splendor
of ships,
As he lies in lair with a steel-gray shark—
The mad foam on his lips.

No more, then, now no more
'Tis ours to watch by the burning lake,
But ours, thank God, to wage this war,
Thank God—for freedom's sake,

Till freedom shall be strong
Through hell her heavenly work to do;
For force is neither right nor wrong
But the use we put it to.

So this is the pledge we plight:
That we can fight, who do not hate,
And we for freedom's love will fight
In the venomed teeth of fate.

Gird, then, our hearts to blaze
Once more through battle's black alarms,
God of our fathers, and upraise
America in arms!

So *her* free soul may live,
Then ours—to win Thy grail or grave—
Are an hundred million lives to give,
But only one to save.

Percy MacKaye.

TO THE ALLIES

HANDS across the sea, brothers !

Hands across the sea !

Here's a flag to fly with yours,

The emblem of the free.

Holy hands of freemen gave it,

Heart and life we pledge to save it,

At your side we lift and wave it,

Now for Liberty !

Hands across the sea, brothers !

Hands across the sea !

Here's a sword to draw with yours,

'Gainst monstrous tyranny.

Valiant hearts have beat beneath it,

Deathless laurels still enwreathe it.

Sadly, sternly, we unsheathe it,
Now for Liberty.

Hands around the world, brothers !
Hands around the world !
Fling the married colors out,
Never to be furled ;
Till the power of Light prevailing,
Vict'ry's heights in triumph scaling,
Sees the power of Darkness, failing,
Down in ruin hurled.

Laura E. Richards.

OF KINGS

YE kings, upon your gilded thrones,
Hear ye not how the death-wind moans?
Can ye not see that naught atones
For what your hands have done?
Hark! how a stricken people's groans
Mount up against the sun!

The innocent, they starve and bleed;
And do ye list, and do ye heed,
Wrapt in your dreams of power and greed,
The hastening end of all?
Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, read
The writing on the wall!

Clinton Scollard.

THE KAISER

HE stood alone, in sovereignty sublime,
 Uniquely great,—the Kaiser! They that feared,
 Yet honored him, who to the world appeared
Lofty in courage, wise, above his time,
 The Monarch of the hour!—
Using his strength destructive things to bind,
Serving the Fatherland—and, so, mankind,
 Safe-guarding Peace with Power.

He stood alone? How lone today he stands,
 The eyes of all fixed wondering on him!
 His throne ensanguined, his bright ægis dim,
The murderous sword clutched in his lawless
 hands!

What spectacle more sad
Than Might by its own folly wounded so?
Are the Gods jealous now, as long ago,
That thus they make ambitious mortals mad?

Florence Earle Coates.

THE RETURN OF THE EXILES

THE gates of the Siberian waste stand wide;
Great joy has thrilled the mighty wilderness;
The message of the Lord has come to bless
The souls in bondage: broken is the pride
Of the invincible tyrant who doth ride
On human hearts, and thrones him on distress !
Fallen he is ! his victims numberless
Fill the long roads by steppe and mountain-side.

So when our Lord descended into hell
And broke the fetters of the spirits in prison,
A glorious company to heaven made way.

What triumph more divine doth history tell
Than Truth from her captivity arisen,
And Faith rejoicing in her holy ray !

George E. Woodberry.

MESSENGERS

(Tune: The Russian Hymn)

LORD GOD Omnipotent, forth Thou art sending
Us, as Thy messengers, blessed with Thy Word,
Souls rich endowed, and inspired with hope un-
ending.

Shout we, America hath girt on her sword!

Sword of Democracy, tempered and glowing,
Sword of the Union—Free States in accord—
Sword of high righteousness, wrong overthrowing!
Shout we, America hath girt on her sword!

Clear, brave, the echoes dart! Our message is
sounding:

Safe be the Rule of the People, O Lord!

Safe through the world, all injustice confounding!

Shout we, America hath girt on her sword!

Florence Mary Bennett.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

SHOULDER to shoulder! Each man in his
place!

Shoulder to shoulder, and “right about! face!”
We’ve a duty to do ere we grow a day older,
And the way we can do it is—shoulder to shoul-
der!

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in the line!
Shoulder to shoulder! The Flag for a sign!
Yes, let us not weaken, but let us grow bolder,
And rally and sally with—“shoulder to shoul-
der!”

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in his might!
Shoulder to shoulder! We fight for the right!

The land of our love—may our courage enfold
her!

May we work—and not shirk—for her, shoulder
to shoulder!

Clinton Scollard.

THE ROUNDABOUT COMMITTEE AND THE CIRCUMLOCUTION BOARD

A NATION went to war against a rather ruthless
foe;

It hadn't any army, so it wondered who would
go

To do the deeds of valor which the crisis did re-
quire,

To help the French to take the trench and do it
under fire.

So Congress got together and the Senate did the
same

To raise a million soldiers who would put the foe
to shame,

And they quickly passed the matter up, with one
complete accord,
To the Roundabout Committee and the Circum-
locution Board.

Now the Roundabout Committee sat and talked
for weeks and weeks
On Methods of Preparedness among the Ancient
Greeks

While the Circumlocution Board it scratched its
thoughtful double chin,
And lingered late in wise debate on "Where Shall
We Begin?"

A Patriot rushed in and cried, "The Foe is at our
gate!"

But the Circumlocution Board replied, "Just tell
him, please, to wait.

We're listening to an Army Plan devised by Sen-
ator Drool

To raise nine million soldiers through his Correspondence School."

Then the Patriot, who was hasty, raged and stamped upon his hat.

"You're really doing nothing and you're taking years at that."

Whereat the wise Committee bobbed its head and answered, "True.

Take note of that, stenographer. That's what we're here to do."

A Military Training Bill the President did advise
They set upon with pencils and reviewed with hostile eyes.

"It is much too plain and simple. Let's revise it so and thus;

We can jumble any issue, if you'll leave the job to us."

So at last the land grew weary and implored with
shrieks and sobs,

"Let our welfare be conducted by some men who
know their jobs.

Are our railroads run by poets? Or do cobblers
harvest hay?

Then in military matters why should windmills
rule the day?"

But the question was so pointed and its moral so
direct

That it could not thread the labyrinthine hallways,
we suspect,

Leading to the Inner Sanctum of the Crooked
Wooden Sword,

Of the Roundabout Committee and the Circumlo-
cation Board.

Wallace Irwin.

AMERICA
(TWO PORTRAITS)

I

“For all her busyness and prate,
Too easy-going to be great,
She wastes her soul and winks at Fate:

Poor foolish virgin who’ll not trim
Her lamp, even when its light grows dim;
Capricious, ruled by chance and whim.

Her soft good-nature cannot brook
The anguish of a steady look
Upon Time’s hourly posted Book:

Time’s Book, wherein is written plain
The loss that follows slothful gain,
The doom of all who shrink from pain.

Lax, optimistic, indolent,
On momentary joys intent,
She counts as saved all she has spent.

And when God's ruthless Questions come
Before her with Truth's Speculum—
She slouches, simpers¹ and chews gum!"

II

No portrait that! You libel with your pen
This anxious Mother of unhasty men.

Her heart is quick and true; her courage sure,
She has the strength to suffer and endure.

God's ruthless Questions will not find her dumb;
Her Answers will be noble. Let them come.

*"Are you for ease or honor?" "I am for
The rights of living men, in peace or war."*

*"Will you make good that boast through days of
gloom?"*

*"—Yes. Though my breast become my children's
tomb."*

Lee Wilson Dodd.

AMERICA, TO ARMS!

SHE stands, a guardian of the endless sea,
Her garb is golden, and her lips are flame,
She is the portal of Eternity
And Beauty is the realm from whence she came!
She is the voice of many bleeding lands—
America, she calls! To Arms! Arise!
For like a shimmering sabre in the skies
In scarlet glow she stands
A guardian of the earth and sea—
Liberty!

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.

A LESSON IN MANNERS

WE have neglected certain obligations,
Albeit in a purely social way,
One *should* return a neighbor's salutations
And make a party call a certain day.
America has failed in manners. Is it
A trifle that we lack in etiquette?
Surely 'tis time that we returned the visit
Of Lafayette.

Our social calendar is much neglected,
And "busy" is not always an excuse;
Some adequate return might be expected,
And courtesy may rust for lack of use.

Suppose, in manner, both polite and hearty,
Before this suitable occasion goes,
We manage to return that little party
Of Rochambeau's.

Theodosia Garrison.

COME TO THE COLORS

(Air: *Russian National Hymn*)

Sons of America, come to the colors;
Gather in arms round the Red, White and Blue!
Far over land and sea a bugle note is ringing;
Sons of America, it sounds for you!

Long have ye stood apart, the conflict grim be-
holding,
Safe in your distance and calm in your might;
Now, in the hour of need, your banner proud un-
folding,
Sons of America, uphold the right!

Kingdoms may pass away in tumult resounding,
Thrones and dominions may crumble and fall;

Now, while Humanity the great *Advance* is
sounding,

Sons of America, obey the call!

Laura E. Richards.

OUR FLAG IN FRANCE

Up with the flag in France, lads, up with the flag
in France!

As the dawn-rays rising oversea, so be its bright
advance;

The dawn-rays flaming on the sea, the morning
round the world—

Long and dark was the night to us, while the
Stars and Stripes were furled!

Out with the sword in France, lads, out with the
sword in France!

As the sudden gleam of a twilight star, so be its
flashing glance;

A star that brings a mighty hope to a people worn
and pressed;

Glad were they for the kindly word, but the helping hand is best.

Follow the guns in France, lads, follow the guns in France!

Take with those on the foremost line the brave man's fighting chance;

There's a people here behind you, whose dreaming hours are past,

Who will send you forth with a swelling heart, and back you to the last.

Fight for the world's defence, lads, as your fathers fought before,

For truth and right against ruthless might, for freedom's cause once more!

Though the way be long and the hazard strong, for glory or mischance,

Up with the flag in France, lads, up with the flag in France!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

THEY wait the flag—These men who hold their
own

Against that beast (blood-mad and madly blind)
Who seeks to poison all of human-kind,
And snarl above a ravaged world alone.

They wait the flag—that sign that shall be shown
To prove that with them—one in might and mind—
Their mates from over-sea, long held behind
Strive with them where the foremost lines are
thrown.

Dear God, to see that day when France shall turn,
Like some brave mariner who fought the gale
The live-long night, to see against the dawn

Like one great glory in the sunrise, burn
The spread, white wonder of a nearing sail
That signals "*We stand by—Sail on, sail on!*"
Theodosia Garrison.

THE YOUNG BLOOD SPEAKS

Bon jour, Marcel! Your hand.

At last our stars

Have come to join your triple bars;

We're here to fight with France—

By God, give us the chance!—

We heard the cries

Of helpless children; saw the frightened eyes

Of women shrinking from the maddened crew

That swept their land; we felt

The quiver of the tortured sod, and smelt

The smoke of burning villages; we knew

You needed us, that's what we're coming for—

To *stop* this war.

Dis donc, Emile! We couldn't stand their cant:

"God and the Fatherland." And trampling

Your tender soil for that! We're here to fling
Their words back in their teeth. For us, we want
Nothing that is our neighbor's; we have come
To lead our stricken brothers and their women
home,
To smooth the scarred and broken earth, and plant
The fields again. But—if we must—
We'll deal first with those war-lords, break
Their knees and bring them to the dust.
For France's sake
We'll fight until we drop.
We're here to make them *stop.*

Allons! Leon, Gaspard!

We'll help you win this war.

Mary Farley Sanborn.

MARCHING WITH PAPA JOFFRE

A SONG TO FIFES AND DRUMS

MARCHING!—What are they marching, there, for?

Rin-rin!—Ran!—Pata, pata, plan!

Papa Joffre he's coming from the war:

Vive la—Vive la France!

Blue jacket and red breeches and mustachios
gleaming white,

With a Tommy on his left hand and a Johnny on
his right,

He has come to give America his Godspeed for
the fight:

Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France!

Vive la—Vive la France!

Fighting!—What are they fighting, there, for?

Eho!—Eho!—Pata, pata, plan!

To make men free men, now and evermore:

Vive la—Vive la France!

The Kaiser and his kaiserlings they guessed that

they would go

And ring the Paris Christmas bells, a-laying
churches low;

But Papa Joffre beside the Marne stood up and
said: *No, no!*

A bas les Boches! Vive la France!

Vive la—Vive la France!

Cheering!—What are they cheering, there, for?

Hurrah!—Hurrah!—Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

Red, white, blue flags—flaming for the war:

Vive la—Vive la France!

Jack Poilu he's a true lad, as Papa Joffre has
tried;

John Bull he is another, and he marches Jack
beside;

And Yankee Doodle joins with them—three
brothers, God for guide:

Vive l'Amerique! l'Angleterre! la France!

Vive la—Vive la France!

Praying!—What are they praying, there, for?

Dieu! Seigneur! A ton Esprit la gloire!

The Peace of Justice reign forever more!

Vive l'Esprit de la France!

We are marching in alliance that our faith may be
restored;

We are fighting, we are cheering, for a nobler
world-accord;

We are praying, through the tempest, unto Lib-
erty, our Lord:

Vive l'Alliance! Vive la France!

Vive la victoire de la France!

Percy MacKaye.

IT IS BETTER

THE khaki lads with drum and fife
March down Fifth Avenue.

Their eyes are eager for the strife
That moulds the world anew . . .
And you—and what of you?

*It is better to travel a bloody track
And come home dead or maimed—
It is better to go and never come back,
Than to stay and die ashamed.*

The lads in khaki sweep on past,
All straight and straight aligned.
When the rattle of drums is gone at last,
What is there stays behind?—
Not a thing remains behind.

'Twas our country's very self marched by.

And many a man may fall—

But it's better to live the hour you die

Than never to live at all.

Louis How.

ENLISTED

HAVE you heard the shiver of bodies hurled
Chest on crashing chest,

When thigh-bones snap like pistol shots
And men meet breast to breast?

Have you seen the feet of a maddened horse
Red-wet with the wine of war

And wondered in crushing a comrade's face
What you had killed him for?

Ever the sweep of the wave of men
On the reef of jagged death,

And frozen faces like cockle-shells
Where the breaker billoweth,

The out-flung arms of a down-lipped boy
With his throat shot through—

Perhaps his shoulder brushed your own
Or he slept last night by you.

My fathers followed Washington
Into the forests dim,
The blood of Warren at Bunker Hill
In my veins runs from him,
When Perry crossed from ship to ship
They bent their arms to row,
They faced the Mexicans' livid hail
In the shattered Alamo.

The Susquehanna knew their tents,
They perished at Bull Run,
Shenandoah saw our dead
Staring at the sun;
We marched with Sherman to the sea,
Starved at Andersonville,
And one of us died by the barbed-wire fence
Under San Juan Hill.

You cannot change the written scroll
Nor alter the charted plan,
Ever must moaning women quail
And man make war on man;
Out of strength must sweetness come—
Out of sacrifice
We melt the metal and forge the key
To enter Paradise.

I thank my fathers for what they paid
On the altar of the years,
I thank the women who gave me birth
In agony and tears;
I could not wish that life should ask
One payment less from me,
And the bugle-call of the arming hosts
Sets their old passion free.

Willard Wattles.

CURRENCY

“Let us pay with our bodies for our soul’s desire.”—Theodore Roosevelt.

O, HIGH of soul, flesh doth not overwhelm,
But is the means wherewith all things to buy!
It is the coin current of the realm
Wherein we live and die.

Upon our far strange journey to that Home
From which we are astray,
The Providence that destined we should roam
Gave us wherewith to pay.

We shall arrive if nobly we aspire,
And spending flesh to buy the spirit free,
Pay with our bodies for our souls’ desire
For perfect liberty.

M. E. Buhler.

TO OUR WOMEN

(Adapted from the French of Paul Déroulède)

WOMAN, if the man to whom your heart you give
Gives you all his heart, to you alone is true—
If, American, a stranger he can live
To America, his only country You—
If without despising himself and you alike
He hears his duty call and lifts no hand to strike—
*Woman, your clinging hands have bent his soul
awry.*
*You knew not how to love him if he knows not how
to die.*

Mother, if your boy grows man in years alone,
Loving self so well, he has no heart to hear
The voice of higher hopes, if he has never known

The steadfast will that faces and overpowers fear,
If in the perilous hour of Freedom's mortal fight
He fails to dare his all for God and for the right—
*Mother, your love has crippled the soul it strove
to shield.*

*You knew not how to give the life he knows not
how to yield.*

Amelia Josephine Burr.

TO THE MOTHERS

MOTHERS of men, do you not know
What you gave to the world in your hour of woe?
Born of courage, and doomed to stress,
A man for the tasks of men—no less!

Mothers of women, can you not feel
What all the signs of your life reveal?
You have brought forth love, with its sword and
fire,
And love's high crown is the lost desire.

Mothers of men, have you not known
That the soul of the child is not your own?
If God has sealed him for palm and cross,
To hold him close were your bitter loss.

Mothers, mothers, will you not see
All that your gift to the world may be?
These who must fight a wrong abhorred
Are Michael's angels, who bear the sword.

Mothers of men, then loose your hold!
Love grants more than your arms enfold;
Under the Cross you stand apart,
With Mary's sword in your dauntless heart.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

We are the girls that they left behind them

And this is the pride that we wear today.

We had no will to hinder or bind them,

To bid them hesitate, wait or stay.

We bade God-speed to them on their way,

Not with the sadness of hearts resigned

But glad of the call they must needs obey.

We are the girls that they left behind.

We are the girls that they left behind them,

Not as of old but to weep and pray,

But with ready hands and with wit to find
them

Service fit for the part we play.

And this is the pride that we wear today

(We who are one with them heart and mind)

That they loved us and left us and marched away.

We are the girls that they left behind.

Theodosia Garrison.

A FRENCH CAPTAIN

THREE wounds . . . he was so weak . . . just to
let go

The grip of will on torn and weary flesh—
For then would come a silence . . . and long
sleep . . .

And when he waked—if waking was for him—
Then he could fight again . . . but now—O God!
Only to slip to earth a little while
And lose the shattering tumult of the guns!
But something in his heart would not let go,
Something that thudded in his ringing ears
“For France! For France! For France!” He
struggled on

Bleeding, unconquered—and unconquerable,
For when the bullet struck him in the breast

He shouted to his men as he went down,
“Never fall back! It is my last command!”

That was one soldier’s death. You who can sneer
(God pardon you!) at him and at his like,
Walking so proudly in your nobler ways—
Are you as faithful to humanity
As he to France? Do the stern tests of peace
Awake the God in you, as war in him?
If it were so—there were an end of war.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

THE RECRUIT

GIVE me to die when life is high:

The sudden thrust, the quick release,

Full in the front, in harness, not

A slow decay in timorous peace.

There is not any way but this!

I would not shirk the joy of strife,

Nor lose one flash of perfect death

For slaggard years of coward life.

My breath, which is God's gift to me,

Exulting waits His high behest;

My heart, which moves at His command,

At His command will gladly rest.

For who would tarry when He calls,
To haggle at the heavy toll,
And render to ungrudging God
The insult of a niggard soul?

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE

LORD, in this hour of tumult,
Lord, in this night of fears,
Keep open, oh, keep open
My eyes, my ears.

Not blindly, not in hatred,
Lord, let me do my part.
Keep open, oh, keep open
My mind, my heart!

Hermann Hagedorn.

THEY ALSO SERVE—

BEYOND the soaring thrill that lifts the heart
To martial music and to marching feet,
Beyond the thin call of the fife—apart
From brave emotion, and the sudden heat
Of young enthusiasm, and the cheers
Of crowds which weep and rally at a word—
Beyond the Fire and the Wind and Tears
The still small voice of Sacrifice is heard!

The cripple in his chair who does his bit—
The bent old woman in her garden-plot—
By such small flames the holy Lamp is lit—
And who can say the Country needs them
not?

Not for us all the right to rise and go

To unknown Terror over haunted seas—

Yet all shall reap as We-At-Home shall sow—

And thus we serve—unto the least of these!

Faith Baldwin.

HIS JOB

“I DIDN’T raise my boy to be a soldier—
The nations *ought* to arbitrate, I say—
But I couldn’t face my son if I made him leave
 undone
His bit to help America to-day.
Though I couldn’t bear to think of him in battle,
 And it’s terrible to trust him to the sea,
I’ll give him with a will where he doesn’t have to
 kill
Is there nothing for my boy and me?”

There’s a call for him that’s louder every minute;
There’s a hungry world that he can help to feed.
There’s a fight without a gun that is waiting for
 your son
Where the enemy’s the vermin and the weed.

If you didn't raise your boy to be a soldier,

If you didn't raise your boy to be a shirk,

Here's a job for head and hand—send him out
to till the land;

What's the matter with a farmer's work?

Amelia Josephine Burr.

CONCERNING PLANTING

FRIEND Kipling wrote some lines long since that
ended "Pay, Pay, Pay!"
And he helped to clean up Africa. That war was
children's play
With this that has to sift the sea, that's playing
hide and seek
And prisoners' base with submarines that scuttle
life. Last week
I heard a pure-food specialist stand up and start
his chant
With "The way to beat Berlin is just to 'Plant,
Plant, Plant!'"
They say all nature's short of crops this year and
next may be.

The world is shy of ships beside. It spills grain
in the sea.

The answer's wider acreage. The farmer'll do his
share.

If you want to beat those butchers of babies in the
air

You'll tell your wife's relations and the uncles of
your aunt

And your seventh cousin twice removed to "Plant,
Plant, Plant!"

Now I have a gift for gardens and I've dug my
trenches there.

I've planted seeds instead of shells and made the
neighbors stare.

I've ranged my ranks of carrots, and beets, and
beans, and peas,

With pinks and roses round the sides as pretty as
you please.

This year the flowers will have to go. My wife
says that we shan't
Steal one more Belgian baby's life. So "Plant,
Plant, Plant!"

This year the game is gardens. This year the fad
is food.

Gad, if they plow their golf links up I'd cheer
the multitude

That have the money habit. If all would take
their turn

The butlers and the ladies' maids to weed and hoe
might learn.

Say, that's some Cubist picture. My kids declare
they can't

Slice up their tennis court. But Ma says "Plant,
Plant, Plant!"

Canal sides in New York will bloom. Beside our
railroad tracks

We're going to turn the Germans out. Around the
rusty shacks

Where we used to do our dumping, and on every
vacant lot

I've a picture of a planting worth tons of steel
and shot.

Though pacifists may preach and doubt and fools
may rave and rant,

We are going to knock the Kaiser out. So "Plant,
Plant, Plant!"

John Curtis Underwood.

SPADES ARE TRUMPS!

“CLUBS are trumps!” the soldier shouts,
“By might alone we win today;
For over all the world of men
The strength of arms holds eager sway.”

“*Nay, SPADES are trumps!*” speaks *Mother Earth*,

“*The might you boast would soon be gone*
Without the harvest that they yield
To lend you strength and feed your brawn.”

“Diamonds are trumps!” the merchant cries,
“They build your navy, ship by ship;
Place guns within your soldiers’ hands,
And give your fighters swords to grip.”

*“Nay, SPADES are trumps!” speaks Mother Earth,
My workers share the richest spoil:
Where would your boats and armies be
Without the fruitage of the soil?”*

*“Hearts are trumps!” the women sigh,
“We give our husbands and our sons,
To sail your ships across the seas,
To bear your flags and man your guns.”*

*“Nay, SPADES are trumps!” speaks Mother Earth,
“The guns may roar on land and sea.
And swords may flash and hearts may break—
But SPADES shall have the victory!”*

John Kemble.

THE WAR OF BREAD

"There shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the nation's food supply by those who handle it on the way to the consumer."—President Wilson.

Of all the wars that waste this world,
Where the life of man has bled,
This is the war I most abhor—
The theft of the people's bread!

They who hold back what the kind Earth gave
In the billowing fields of grain,
Are the cowardliest foe—for their secret blow
Strikes for their own base gain.

Arm of the law, reach forth in your might,
And the hidden stores unbind,
And defeat their power who, at this hour,
Wage dastardly war on their kind!

Edith M. Thomas.

COLUMBIA'S SHOP

COLUMBIA has opened shop,
(Come buy, good folk, come buy!)
None may despise her merchandise,—
Her price is far from high.
Your parcels shall be neatly tied
With red and white and blue,
And Liberty (most charming, she)
Shall hand them out to you.

Columbia has opened shop
As any lady may,
No better ware is anywhere,
(Come buy, good folk, and pay!)
For whosoever buys of her
Shall have her thanks the while

And Liberty shall take the fee
And give the change and smile.

Columbia has opened shop,

(The foreign trade's astir)

Pray step inside—the door stands wide—
And buy a bond from her.

Theodosia Garrison.

THE CHILDLESS

THEY give the savings of their life—the dreams,
The hopes of youth, the care of yearning years,
The tender fostering, the love austere
That served by chastening, the prayers unheard
Except by God—all, all the priceless hoard
Of love that goes to make a son, a *man*,
They give all this—with sorrow, yet with joy.
It may be they shall have their gift again
In time to come; it may be they shall have
For their one comfort that they gave their all
To help God's Kingdom come. . . .

And we—(O God,
Thou knowest why!) who have no sons to give,
We lend our gold that shall be paid again

With interest. So small a thing it seems!

And yet—these are the savings of our life,

And there is nothing petty in Thy sight.

Accept, O God, our offering—'tis to Thee.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

THE TEST

MONEY you have, though children none,
Who say that you would give your son
To help dear Liberty to live,
If you had a son to give.

Remember, words are not the price
At which the wares of God are sold.

Your own flesh would you sacrifice
Who will not even lend your gold?

Amelia Josephine Burr.

A SONG OF CONFIDENCE

WE have not compelled them, urged them, nor ca-
joled them—

Of their own need they came to us, their own
want and will.

We but opened wide the door, bade our walls en-
fold them,

Gave them of our plenitude, as we give them
still.

Surely we may never fear lest these should wish
us ill.

We have broken bread with them, lit the flame that
warmed them,

Bade them share our children's place at hearth
and bed and board.

We have bound the ancient wounds—unhealed
wounds that harmed them—

Shared with them our freedom from fear and
over-lord.

Surely these shall aid us when our hand is on
the sword.

Not with misplaced confidence, not in foolish
blindness,

Do we trust these guests today who have known
our best,—

These who wrought with us in peace, walked with
us in kindness,

These shall never fail us when men's souls are
at the test,

These shall guard the honor of the House that
gave them rest.

Theodosia Garrison.

“RIDE, VIGILANTES!”

RIDE through the land, Vigilantes, ride!
From this bound of the East where the inrolling
tide

With more than the red of the sunrise is dyed,
As crimson the foam is borne to our strand!

Ride!

Draw not the rein, and make not your stand,
Till ye come to the slumbering heart of the land:
Tell them who sleep—so loth to awake,
All unprepared for the storm that must break—
Tell them, Humanity's all is at stake!
Tell them, “'Tis Freedom that falls in the
breach!”

If they murmur, adream, "Our peace, we beseech—

The peoples at war—they speak not our speech!"

Ye will say, "If ye sleep, then sleep—to your shame!

Freedom's no alien, but one and the same;
Wake ye, and arm ye, in her great name!"

Ride, Vigilantes, lifting your light,
Ride through the day, and ride through the night,
Searching out Men of Valor and Might!—

Ride!

Edith M. Thomas.

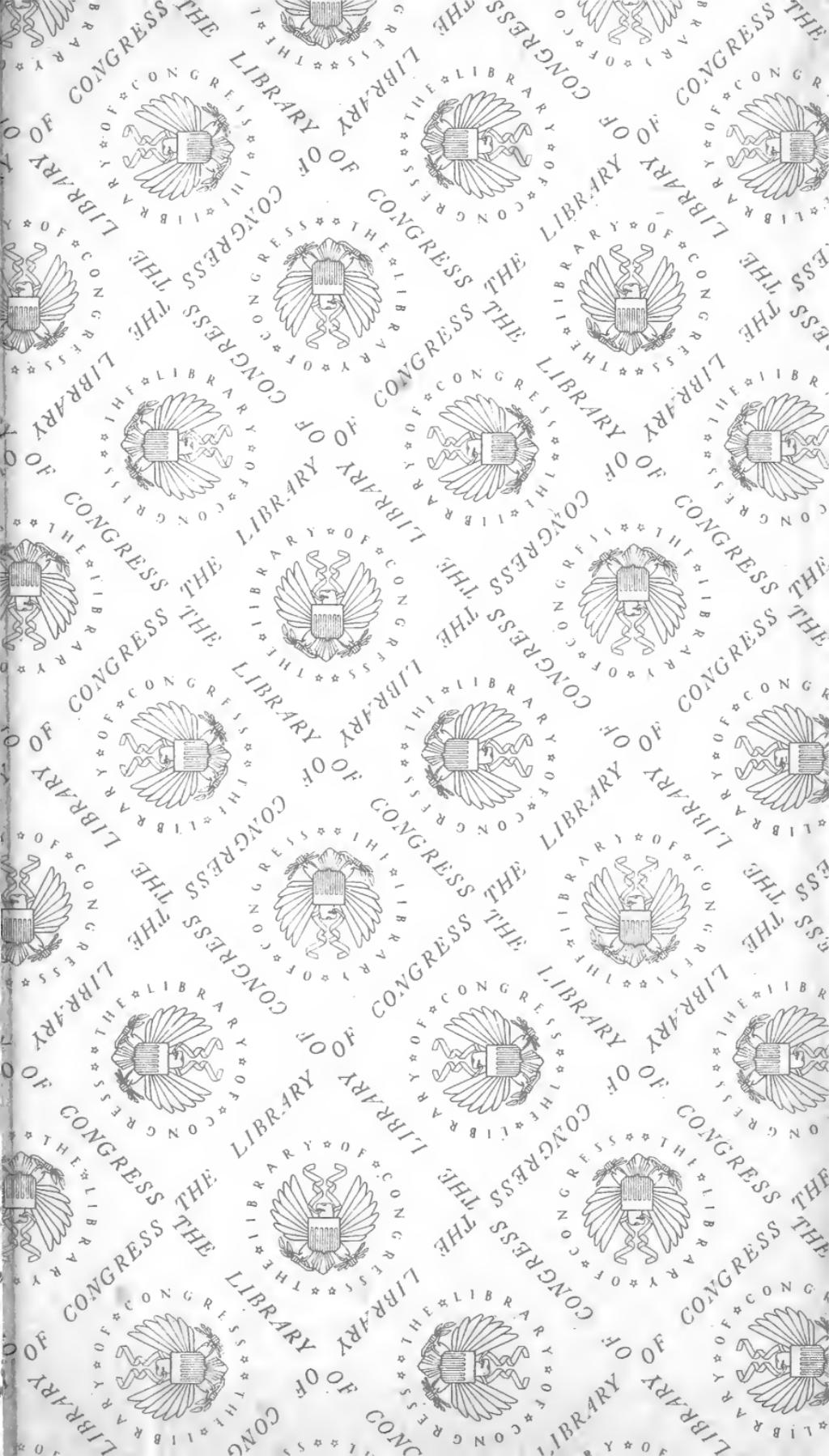
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